

Dx: Autoimmune Disease

Larina Warnock

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It's a rest-of-your-life kind of thing
where the rest of your life could be
sixty days or months or years.

I stare into molten sand and silver
as if this alone confirms things suddenly
uncertain. *Am I here?* I wish flesh and bone
were molded from silver instead of sand.

Sand, also molded into miniature
images of ourselves that dance
and dream on TV screens—
imaginary mirrors reminding
me that everything is fictional,

grand allegories of the quest
for everlasting life. But even reflections
fade and die in the absence of refracted light.
I try to say *Fuck you* to the disease--

the adult equivalent of *I know you are
but what am I*—but the only word
that comes to mind is *Inevitable*.

Sixty days or months or years become
irrelevant numbers that mirror my fear,

calendars cold reminders: life doesn't always go on.